



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonney, Sc.

The Comedy of Errors.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Peace, doting wizzard, peace! I am not mad!

Act IV. Scene 4.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS:

A COMEDY,

In *five* Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING.

By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CROIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,
CAMDEN TOWN.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

A COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH ANNOTATIONS
HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D. N. S.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A STATEMENT OF THE EDITION — LIST OF THE CHARACTERS
AND EXTRACTS FROM THE ACTS — AND THE WHOLE OF THE
PLAY, AS IT STANDS IN THE ACTING COPY.



LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

AND BY THE AUTHOR, AT NO. 1, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

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REMARKS.

IF the chronology of Chalmers be correct, the "Comedy of Errors" stands *second* on the list of Shakspeare's dramatic productions, being written in the year 1591. For, after diligently examining, and comparing the various authorities that would deprive *Pericles* of the honor of being considered as the work of Shakspeare, we feel no hesitation in setting it down as his *first* dramatic essay; indeed, it bears sufficient internal evidence to establish the fact, independent of every other;—and the balance of documentary testimony, and even of *conjecture*, is in favour of the conclusion. The question has already been so ably disputed, that, were this the place, we should not be tempted to revive it. In "*Pericles*," as in the "*Comedy of Errors*," there is Shakspeare in every scene: not in all the plenitude of his ripened genius, but certainly giving promise of those wonderful powers that were to render his name celebrated to the end of time.

The "*Comedy of Errors*" is founded on the *Menæchmi* of Plautus; but Shakspeare has greatly improved upon his model. The sticklers for the *unities* will find in this drama no bone to pick. If the English has excelled the Roman Poet in the higher qualities of dramatic composition, he has also emulated him in a strict adherence to the *unities* of action, time, and place.

Both Ritson and Steevens have been unwarrantably severe on this Comedy. They complain of inequalities; and Steevens dogmatically assigns the entire play to some previous writer, giving to Shakspeare the almost negative merit of retouching and polishing the scenes. In reading over the comments of this plausible critic, and very singular man, we have often felt disposed to question the *sincerity* of his admiration for the genius of Shakspeare. He abounds so much in malicious wit, sly insinuation, and equivocal censure—witness his strictures on "*Hamlet*," and his comments on that glorious passage:—

"The man that hath not music in his soul, &c. &c."

and innumerable other instances, that we are certain his ambition was more to perpetuate the ingenuity of the commentator, than to illustrate the beauties of the poet.

Mrs. Inchbald has a string of phrases to express *her* opinion

of the impossibility of the story. "The *Ghost* in "Hamlet," *Witches* in "Macbeth," and *Monster* in the "Tempest," seem all like events in the common course of nature, when compared to those which take place in this drama!" Mrs. Inchbald is never more at fault than when she remarks on the Writings of Shakspeare, which we firmly believe, like most of her predecessors, she never studied beyond the part assigned to her on the stage. If the drama is to be judged by the rules of probability, very many of it's noblest productions shall not escape censure. The incidents in this play are improbable—perhaps impossible—

"There needs no ghost come from the grave

"To tell us *that*."

But the author's intention was to excite mirth, which he has done in a very extraordinary degree, by the mistakes arising from the supposed resemblance between the two *Antipholises*, and the two *Dromios*. The incidents succeed each other in such rapid succession, that the attention is kept continually awake; and if they bear a nearer alliance to farce than to comedy, it is the farce that sparkles with wit, humour, and character, highly original and exhilarating.

The language—allowing for interpolations, which are to be found in *all* his productions—is Shakspeare's from beginning to end. The jokes, the quibbles, the "long hobbling verses" that so much offended the legal and critical ears of the learned Blackstone! There is abundance of drollery in these limping colloquies between the two *Dromios*: and, though we are not so infatuated as to say that they *hobble* no more than verses should hobble—as a zealous patriot once declared that Wilkes *squinted* not a bit more than a gentleman *should* squint;—we know not any author that *preceded* Shakspeare, to whom we can fairly assign so rich a fund of genuine humour. It will be recollected, that this drama is *second* on the list of Shakspeare's productions; and, if we refer to the specimens of *doggerel verse* that preceded and accompanied the era of the "Comedy of Errors," we may reasonably presume that Shakspeare adopted a species of rhyme that had become highly popular in the clowns of that period, and which, when in the mouths of such actors as Tarleton and Kempe, was productive of the broadest merriment. Let any one at all acquainted with the *manner* of Shakspeare, read the dialogue at the end of the 2nd scene in the 3rd act, between *Antipholis of Syracuse*, and *Dromio of Syracuse*; and then ask if internal evidence of the master's hand be not

"Confirmation strong,

"As proofs of holy writ."

The *serious* parts of this drama are exceedingly beautiful. The character of *Ægeon*, the father of the twin brothers, is drawn by

a hand familiar with every chord of humanity. There is something peculiarly graceful in the opening of this play. The pathetic narrative of the shipwreck, the broad humour of the succeeding scenes, and the affecting close, are admirably diversified. It was the delight of Shakspeare to excite a variety of emotions—to chasten our most exuberant mirth with a feeling of melancholy: and when the heart beat high with emotion, to afford it relief by some unexpected transition. Contemplating this play as one of his earliest productions, can we say that he ever afterwards excelled this pathetic exclamation of *Ægeon* to *Antipholis of Ephesus*?

“ Oh, grief hath chang’d me since you saw me last !

“ And careful-hours, with time’s deforming hand,

“ Have written strange defeatures in my face.

“ But tell me yet—dost thou not know my voice ?

* * * * *

“ Not know my voice ? O, time’s extremity !

“ Hast thou so crack’d and splitt’d my poor tongue

“ In seven short years, that here my only son

“ Knows not my feeble key of untun’d cares ?

“ Though now this grained face of mine be hid

“ In sap-consuming winter’s drizzled snow,

“ And all the conduits of my blood froze up,

“ Yet hath my night of life some memory,

“ My wasting lamp, some fading glimmer left.

“ All these old witnesses—I cannot err—

“ Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholis.”

The character of the *Lady Abbess* is in the same tone of elevated feeling. It would almost seem that Shakspeare, anticipating the cavils of his future commentators, had set a seal on his writings, beyond *their* power to efface ! The following description of a jealous woman says every thing that *can* be said upon the subject.

“ The venom’d clamours of a jealous woman

“ Poison more deadly than a mad dog’s tooth !

“ It seems his sleeps were hinder’d by thy railing,

“ And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

“ Thou say’st his meat was sauc’d with thy upbraidings ;

“ Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;

“ Thereof the raging fire of fever’s bred :

“ And what is fever, but a fit of madness ?

“ Thou say’st his sports were hinder’d with thy brawls ;

“ Sweet recreation barr’d, what doth ensue

“ But moody, mopish, and dull melancholy,

“ Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ?

“ And at her heels, a huge infectious troop

“ Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?

"The consequence is, then, thy jealousies

"Have scar'd thy husband from his better sense."

The acting of this comedy was very satisfactory. Charles Kemble and Pope were well matched in the two *Antipholises*; but the *Dromios* were still better paired in Munden and Blanchard. Much of the comic effect depends on the exact resemblance that is produced between these personages: and unless the audience, in a certain degree, partake of the illusion, the whim is weakened in the "*incredulus odi*." Doctor Pinch was admirably represented by Mr. Simmons;—the character is short, but Shakspeare has put his indelible mark upon it—and Simmons touched it with a skilful hand. Murray played *Ægeon* with a pathos that has not been caught by any succeeding actor.

✂ D—G.

Costume.

DUKE.—Rich shape with long flowing arm-hole robe of blue velvet, white pantaloons, white shoes, hat and feathers.

ÆGEON.—Black velvet dress, arm-hole cloak, black stockings and shoes.

TWO ANTIPHOLIS'S.—Light blue shapes trimmed with yellow and buttons, blue stockings, russet boots, cross belts, swords, hat and feathers.

TWO DROMIO'S.—Close yellow shapes, trimmed with blue, yellow stockings and half boots.

ANGELO.—Green shape, trimmed with rose-coloured satin and ribbon, pantaloons, cloak, stockings, hat and shoes.

CLEON.—Brown velvet shape, brown stockings, hat, shoes, and ruff.

CHARES.—Light blue shape, trimmed, &c.

DOCTOR PINCH.—Black shape, scarlet stockings, square-toed shoes, and small black hat.

OFFICERS.—Black shapes and gowns, hats, &c.

BALTHAZAR.—Good velvet spangled shape, &c.

GENTLEMAN.—Crimson spangled shape, white pantaloons, boots, hat, &c.

GENTLEMAN.—Green velvet shape, white pantaloons, gloves, hat, &c.

EXECUTIONER.—Black close shape, trimmed with white, white stockings, shoes, &c.

SOLDIERS.—Scarlet and yellow shapes, hats, &c.

ABBESS.—Grey Nun, with white flowing muslin head-dress, sandals, &c.

ADRIANA.—Rich embroidered satin dress, with flowing crimson satin robe, jewels, &c.

LUCIANA.—Rich embroidered satin dress, with light blue satin robe, jewels, &c.

LESBIA.—White spangled muslin dress, with green satin flowing robe, &c.

HERMIA.—White muslin, with neat trimming.

BRIDGET.—Dark brown body with red binding, white neckerchief, dark petticoat, white high apron, mob cap, &c.

*Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatres Royal,
London.*

Drury Lane.

Covent Garden.

<i>Duke of Ephesus</i>	Mr. Archer.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Ægeon</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Antipholis of Syracuse</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Antipholis of Ephesus</i>	Mr. Horn.	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Dromio of Syracuse</i>	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Dromio of Ephesus</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Angelo</i>	Mr. Mercer.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Cleon</i>	Mr. Webster.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Chares</i>	Mr. Fitzwilliam.	Mr. Baker.
<i>Doctor Pinch</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Barnes.
<i>Balthazar</i>	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Taylor.
<i>First Officer</i>	Mr. Yarnold.	Mr. Henry.
<i>Second Officer</i>	Mr. Comer.	Mr. Isaacs.
<i>Abbess</i>		Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Adriana</i>	Miss Stephens.	Miss M. Tree.
<i>Luciana</i>	Madame Vestris.	Miss Paton.
<i>Hermia</i>	Miss Green.	Mrs. Boyle.
<i>Lesbia</i>	Miss Smithson.	Miss Henry.
<i>Bridget</i>	Mrs. Willmott.	

Attendants on Doctor Pinch, Executioner, Sisters of the Convent.

SCENE—Ephesus.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*. M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace of the Duke.*

DUKE, R. S. E. ÆGEON in Chains, two Officers, four Guards, and Attendants, discovered.

Ægeon. (L.) Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And terminate, by this, thy rig'rous doom,
Ægeon's life and miseries together.

Duke. (R.) Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
The enmity and discord, which, of late,
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rig'rous statutes with their blood,)
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath, in solemn synods, been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
Nay, more—If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts or fairs :
Again—if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies ;
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto an hundred marks :
Therefore, by law, thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. This comfort, then, (the wretch's last resource,)
A least, I gain from the severe decree—
My woes must finish ere the setting sun.

Duke. Yet, Syracusan, say in brief the cause,
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed.
Yet will I utter what my grief permits.—
In Syracuse was I born ; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me !
With her I lived in joy ; our wealth increased
By prosp'rous traffic—till my factor's death
Drew us unwillingly to Epidamnum.
There had we not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons,
And, strange to hear, the one so like the other,
They hardly by ourselves could be distinguish'd.
That very hour, and in the self-same house,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
These (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up, to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of her two boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return.
Unwilling I agreed.—We came aboard—
Oh, bitter recollection !

Duke. Stop thy tears——

I long, yet almost dread, to hear the rest.

Ægeon. A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm ;
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey into our fearful minds
A dreadful warrant of immediate death.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast ;
To him, one of the other twins was bound ;
While I had been like heedful of the younger.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sea wax'd calm : and we discover'd
Two ships from far, making amain to us ;
But ere they came——

Duke. Pursue thy tale, old man.

Ægeon. Being encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Our helpless raft was splitted in the midst.
Her part (poor soul!) burden'd with lesser weight,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And, in our sight, they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth.

At length, another ship had seized on us;
And would have 'reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail.

Duke. Relate at full
What hath befallen to them, and thee, till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years, became inquisitive
After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant (for his case was like,
'Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company, in quest of him,
Whom, while I labour'd of a love to see,
I yielded to the loss of him I loved.
Since which unhappy time, no news arriving
What course their wayward stars had hurried them.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming e'en through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:
But here must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon! whom the fates have mark'd
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap.
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death
And passed sentence cannot be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
I, therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To seek thy life, by beneficial help;
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum
And live—[*Crosses L.*—if not, then art thou doom'd to die.

[*Exit, with Guards, L.*

Ægeon. (R.) What friends, alas! can misery expect?
This pity but prolongs the date of pain;

And to a sure, though short-protracted end,
Helpless and hopeless doth Ægeon wend.

[Exit, guarded, R.]

SCENE II.—*The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE,
and CLEON, L. *Dromio crosses to R.*

Cleon. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods be forfeit to the state.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
Dies ere the weary sun sets in the west.—
'There is your money, which I had to keep.

[Gives Money to Antipholis.]

Ant. of Syr. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time ;
Till then I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
For, with long travel, I am sick and weary.
Get thee away !

Dro. of Syr. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go away, indeed, having so great
A treasure in his charge.—Of what strength do
You conceive my honesty, good master,
That you dare put it to such temptation ?

Ant. of Syr. Of proof against a greater charge than this :
Were it remiss, thy love would strengthen it :
I think thou would'st not wrong me if thou could'st.

Dro. of Syr. I hope I should not, sir ; but there is such
A thing as trusting too far.—Odds heart ! 'tis
A weighty matter, and, if balanced in
A steel-yard against my honesty,
I doubt——

Ant. of Syr. That very doubt is my security.—
No further argument, but speed away.

Dro. of Syr. Ay, but master, you know the old saying——

Ant. of Syr. Then thou hast no occasion to tell it me.
Begone, I say.— [Exit Dromio of Syracuse, R.]
A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour, with his merry jests.—

What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn, and dine with me ?

Cleon. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.
I crave your pardon—but, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet you here upon the mart,
And afterwards consort with you till bed-time.
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. of Syr. Farewell till then.—I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Cleon. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Cleon, L.*

Ant. of Syr. He, that commends me to my own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I, to the world, am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, failing there to find his fellow out,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In search of them, unhappy, lose myself.—

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, R.

How now ! How chance thou art return'd so soon ?

Dro. of Eph. Return'd so soon ! Rather approach'd too
late—

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek ;—
She is so hot, because the meat is cold,
The meat is cold, because you come not home,
You come not home, because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. of Syr. Stop in your wind, sir ;—tell me this, I pray,
Where have you left the money, that I gave you ?

Dro. of Eph. Money !—Oh, the money that I had on
Wednesday last, to pay for mending my
Mistress's saddle.—The saddler had it, sir ;
I kept it not.

Ant. of Syr. I am not in a sportive humour now ;
Tell me, and dally not—where is the money ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dro. of Eph. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.

I, from my mistress, come to you in haste.
Methinks your stomach, like mine, should be your clock,
And send you home without a messenger.

Ant. of Syr. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.—

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

Dro. of Eph. To me, sir !—Why, you gave no gold to me !

Ant. of Syr. (L.) Come, come, have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast disposed my charge.

Dro. of Eph. (R.) My charge was but to fetch you from the mart,

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner ;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. of Syr. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.

Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me ?

Dro. of Eph. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders :
Between you both, they make, perhaps, a thousand :
If I should pay your worship these again,
Perchance you will not take it patiently.

Ant. of Syr. Thy mistress' marks !—What mistress, slave, hast thou ?

Dro. of Eph. Your worship's wife, my mistress, at the Phoenix,

She, that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will haste you.

Ant. of Syr. (L.) What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid ?—There, take you that, sir knave !

[Beats him round.]

Dro. of Eph. (R.) What mean you, sir ?—for Heaven's sake, hold your hands—

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit, R.]

Ant. of Syr. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain has been trick'd of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage ;
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
Misguided by my hopes, in doubt I stray,
To seek what I, perchance, may never find.

May not the cruel hand of destiny,
Ere this, have render'd all my searches vain ?
If so, how wretched has my folly made me !
In luckless hour, alas ! I left my home,
And the fond comforts of a father's love,
That only bliss my fortune had in store,
For dubious pleasures on a foreign shore.

[*Exit, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in Antipholis of Ephesus's House.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA, R.*

Adr. (L.) Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That, in such haste, I sent to seek him ?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. (R.) Perhaps some merchant has invited him,
And, from the mart, he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret ;
A man is master of his liberty,

Will come, or go—therefore, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty be more than ours ?

Luc. Because their bus'ness still lies out of door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. He is the bridle of your actions, sister.

Adr. None, but an idiot, would be bridled so.

[*Crosses, R.*]

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty belongs to man,
And ill befits a woman's gentle mind.

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, and air ;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged tribes,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controul.
Man, more divine, the master of them all,
Indued with intellectual sense and soul,
Is master to his female—nay, her lord !
Let, then, your will attend on his commands.

Adr. This servitude makes you remain unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage state.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some rule.

Luc. Before I wed, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How, if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. With all the gentle, artificial means,
That patient meekness, and domestic cares,
Could bring to my relief, I would beguile
The intervening hours, till he, tired out
With empty, transient pleasures, should return
To seek content and happiness at home—
With smiles I'd welcome him, and put in practice
Each soothing art, that kindness could suggest,
To wean his mind from such delusive joys.

Adr. O, special reasoning! well may they be patient,
Who never had a cause for anger given them!
How easily we cure another's grief!
But, were we burden'd with like weight of woe,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, who hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
Would'st comfort me, by urging hapless patience;
But shouldst thou live to see these griefs thine own,
This boasted patience would be thrown aside. [*Crosses, l.*

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try—
Here comes your man; now is your husband near.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, l.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. of Eph. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that
my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his
mind?

Dro. of Eph. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon my ear;
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it!

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not find his
meaning?

Dro. of Eph. (*Crosses to c.*) Nay, he struck so plainly, I
could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully,
that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pray thee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. of Eph. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-
mad!

Luc. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. of Eph. I mean not cuckold-mad, but sure he's
stark-mad!

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.

"Tis dinner time, quoth I—my gold, quoth he—
Your meat doth burn, quoth I—my gold, quoth he—
Where are the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd—my gold, quoth he—
My mistress sir, quoth I—hang up thy mistress!
I do not know thy mistress—out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. of Eph. Quoth my master—

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress!
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders—
For, in conclusion, he did beat me hither.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. of Eph. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For Heaven's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. of Eph. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That, like a foot-ball, you do spurn me thus? [*Crosses, L.*
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit, L.*

Luc. (R) Fie! how impatience lowereth on your brow!

Adr. (L.) His company must do his minions grace,
While I, at home, starve for a cheerful look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty stole
From my poor cheek? no, he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses low? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be dull'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault—he's master of my fortunes.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd?—Then is he the cause
Of my defeatures—my decayed beauty,
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer! he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home—poor I am left despised.

[*Crosses, R.*

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it hence.

Adr. I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a bracelet—
Some stranger fair hath caught his truant eye,
And triumphs in the gifts designed for me.
Such trifles yet with ease I could forego,

So I were sure he left his heart at home !

I see the jewel best enamelled

Will lose its lustre—So doth Adriana,

Whom once, unwearied with continual gazing,

He fondly call'd the treasure of his life !

Now, since my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and, weeping, die. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, R.

Ant. of Syr. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up

Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.

Oh, here he comes !

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, L.

How now, sir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You knew no Centaur ! you received no gold !

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner !

My house was at the Phoenix ! wert thou mad,

That thus, so strangely, thou didst answer me ?

Dro. of Syr. What answer, sir ? when spake I such a word ?

Ant. of Syr. Ev'n now, ev'n here ; not half an hour since.

Dro. of Syr. I did not see you since you sent me hence Home, to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. of Syr. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt, And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner ;

For which, I hope, thou felt'st, I was displeased.

Dro. of Syr. (L.) I'm glad to see you in this merry vein ; What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me ?

Ant. of Syr. (R.) What, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth ?

Think'st thou I jest ? there, take thou that, and that !

[*Beats Dromio to R.*]

Dro. of Syr. (R.) Hold, sir, for Heaven's sake !—now your jest is earnest—

Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

Ant. of Syr. (L.) Because that I familiarly, sometimes, Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, then know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks.

Dro. of Syr. I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. of Syr. Dost thou not know?

Dro. of Syr. Nothing, but that I am beaten.

Ant. of Syr. Why, first, for flouting me, and then, for
urging

It, in spite of my assertion to the contrary.

Is dinner ready?

Dro. of Syr. No, sir; I think the meat wants what I've
got.

Ant. of Syr. What's that?

Dro. of Syr. Why, basting, sir.

Ant. of Syr. No more, thou knave! for see, who wafts
us yonder.

This way they haste, and, by their gestures, seem
To point out me—what should they mean, I trow?

[*Dromio crosses behind to L.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA, R.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath some sweeter aspect:
I am not-Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurged, would'st vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch were welcome to thine hand,
That never food well savour'd to the taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved.
How comes it now, my husband, oh! how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged to thyself?
Thyself, I call it, being strange to me—
Oh, do not tear thyself away from me!
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
As take from me thyself.

Ant. of Syr. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
not;

In Ephesus, I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio, home to dinner.

Ant. of Syr. By Dromio ?

Dro. of Syr. (L.) By me !

Adr. By thee, and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me, for his wife.

Ant. of Syr. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
woman ?

Dro. of Syr. I, sir ? I never saw her till this moment !

Ant. of Syr. Villain, thou liest ! for even her very
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. of Syr. I never spoke with her in all my life.

[*Dromio crosses behind to R.*]

Ant. of Syr. How can she then thus call us by our
names,

Unless it be by inspiration ?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !
Come, I will fasten thus upon thy arm ;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Shares in thy virtues, and partakes thy strength.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, idle moss, or briar,
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy destruction.

Ant. of Syr. To me she speaks—she moves me for her
theme—

What, was I married to her in my sleep ?
Or sleep I now, and dream I hear all this ?
What error thus deceives our eyes and ears ?
Yet, that the mystery I may explore,
I'll seem to entertain the fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. of Syr. Meaning me ?

Luc. Ay, thee, thou slug !

Dro. of Syr. Spread for dinner !

Ant. of Syr. Am I alive ? Am I Antipholis ?
Sleeping or waking ? Mad or well-advised ?
Known unto these, yet to myself unknown ;
Fain would I learn from whence these wonders flow ;
But that I almost fear to trace the source,
So strange is every thing I see and hear.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
While man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner—[*Crosses, R.*] Dromio, keep the gate—
Husband, I'll dine above with you, to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister—Dromio, play the porter well.

[*Exit, with Luciana and Antipholis, R.*]

Dro. of Syr. Spread for dinner! I am afraid I shall
Be somewhat awkward, as I am not well
Acquainted with the ways of the house;
Though, I suppose they'll be so courteous
As to teach a new comer. Ay, there they go;
The house with the green doors, and have taken
My master with them; I must follow—Sure
We are in the land of fairies, and converse with
Sprites and goblins. I wish they mayn't have
Infected my poor master; for, even
Now, he swore to a discourse, I held with him
Here on the Mart; when I can swear, I was talking
To the strong-box yonder at the Centaur.—Mighty odd
All this! However, my comfort is, that, whatsoever
Mischief we light on, the master takes place
Of the servant, and must fall into it first. [Exit, R.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street, with the house of Antipholis.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF EPHESUS, and ANGELO, R.—[*Dromio crosses behind to L.*]

Ant. of Eph. Good Signor Angelo, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her bracelet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down,

He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.—

Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

Dro. of Eph. (L.) Say what you will, sir, but I know
what I know.

That you beat me at the Mart, I have the marks to witness.

Ant. of Eph. (L. c.) Silence, thou sot, or I shall sober
thee!—

You're sad, Signor Angelo; pray Heaven our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome—
But soft, my door is locked—Sirrah, ring the bell!

Dro. of Eph. [Rings.] Oh, he's a little soberer, and he
does know his own house now!

Ant. of Eph. Will they not hear?

Dro. of Eph. In good truth, I think they will not. My
mistress, sure, means to be quits with you, master—you
denied her a while ago, and now she's determined to deny
you.

Ant. of Eph. Have done, thou varlet! Call to them;
bid them let us in.

Dro. of Eph. Maud! Bridget! Marian! Cicely! Gil-
lian! Madge!

Dro. of Syr. [Within.] Mome, Malt-horse, Capon,
Coxcomb, Idiot, Patch!—Dost thou conjure for wenches,
that thou call'st for such store, when one is one too many?
—Go, get thee from the gate!

Dro. of Eph. What patch is made our porter?—My mas-
ter stays in the street.

Dro. of Syr. [Within.] Let him walk from whence he
came, lest he catch cold in his feet.

Ant. of Eph. Who talks within there?—Hoa! open the
door!

Dro. of Syr. [Within.] Right, sir—I'll tell you when,
an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. of Eph. What art thou, there, that keep'st me from
mine own house?

Dro. of Syr. [Within.] The porter, sir, and my name is
Dromio.

Dro. of Eph. O villain, thou hast stole both mine office,
and my name!

Brid. [Within.] Why, what a coil is there!—Dromio,
who are those at the door?

Dro. of Eph. Let my master in, Bridget.

Brid. [Within.] Peace, fool! thy master's here already.

Ant. of Eph. Do you hear, you minion?—you'll let us in, I trow?

Brid. [Within.] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. of Eph. Master, knock at the door hard.

Dro. of Syr. [Within.] Let him knock till it ake.

Adr. [Within.] Who is at the gate, that keeps all this noise?

Ant. of Eph. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [Within.] Your wife, Sir Knave?—Go, get you from the gate.

Ant. of Eph. Get me from the gate! What means this saucy language?

There's something more in this!—Why, Adriana!

Adr. [Within.] Hence, you familiar coxcomb!—Cease your noise,

Or you shall dearly pay for all this outrage.

Dromio, be sure you keep fast the doors against them.

Ant. of Eph. Why, wife, I say!—

Dro. of Syr. [Within.] She's gone back to dinner, sir, to take a refreshing cup, and has no time to answer idle questions now.

Ant. of Eph. Now, on my soul, some strange mysterious guile

Lurks underneath this unaccustom'd usage.

Some shameful minion here is entertain'd—

Ang. (R.) Have patience, sir—O, let it not be thus;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

Th' inviolated honour of your wife.

Your long experience of her wisdom, sir,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead, on her part, some cause to you unknown;

And, doubt it not, but she will well excuse

Why, at this time, the doors are barr'd against you.

Ant. of Eph. Shall I be thus shut forth from my own house,

While they are revelling to my dishonour?

Go, fetch an instrument, I'll break the door,

Shatter it all to pieces, but I'll enter.

Ang. Be ruled by me—depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger, all to dinner;

And, about evening, come yourself, alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If, by strong hand, you offer to break in,

Now, in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it ;
 And that supposed, by the common rout,
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead
 For slander lives even to posterity,
 For ever housed, when once it gets possession.

Ant. of Eph. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of wrath, try to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 Pretty and witty—wild, and yet right gentle :
 There will we dine.—This woman, that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
 And fetch the jewel,—by this, I guess, 'tis made.
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine,
 For there's the house and there will I bestow it
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
 Upon mine hostess. Good sir, use despatch.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour, sir, hence.
[Exit, R.]

Ant. of Eph. I thank you, sir.—And now, my dainty
 wife,
 Checking my rage, I'll leave you to your follies
 Some few short hours : enjoy them while you may,
 Perchance to-morrow you may rue your jest. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE II.—A Garden.

ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, (L. C.) ADRIANA, (R. C.) LUCIANA, (L.) and HERMIA, (R.) *discovered on Garden Seats.*

Adr. [They rise.] Why, why, was I to this keen mock'ry
 born ?

How at your hands have I deserved this coldness ?
 In soothe, you do me wrong. There was a time
 When I believed, so fond was my credulity,
 The sun was scarce so true unto the day
 As you to me.

Ant. of Syr. I would some friendly light
 Might chase away the mist that clouds our fancies,
 And give this dream a meaning ! True, I see
 These beauteous bowers, in nature's fragrance rich ;
 Behold the painted children of her hand,

Flaunting in gay luxuriance all around !
I see imperial Phœbus' trembling beam
Dance on the curly brook ; whose gentle current
Glides imperceptibly away, scarce staying
To kiss th' embracing bank.

Adr. So glides away.

Thy hasty love, (O apt allusion !)
And mocks my constant and attentive care,
That seeks, in vain, to keep it.

Luc. Dearest brother,
Why turn on me your eyes ? Regard my sister,
Who with such earnest suit solicits you
To heal her wounded peace.

Adr. It cannot be,
But that some phrensy hath possess'd his mind,
Else could he not, with cold indifference, hear
His Adriana pleading. Music's voice,
O'er such entranced dispositions,
Hath oft a magic power, and can recall
The wand'ring faculties. Good cousin, Hermia,
Assay those melting strains, wherewith, thou told'st me,
Forsaken Julia labour'd to retrieve
Lysander's truant heart. [*They return to their seats.*]

SONG.—HERMIA.

Stray not to those distant plains :
From thy comfort do not rove,
Tarry in these peaceful glens,
Tread the downy paths of love.
Is not this sequester'd shade
Richer than the proud alcove ?
Tarry in this beauteous glade,
Tarry here with me and love.

Listen to the woodlark's note,
Listen to the cooing dove,
Hark ! the throstle's mellow throat,
All uniting, carol love ;
See the limpid brooks around,
Winding through the varied grove ;
This is passion's fairy ground,
Tarry here with me and love.

Adr. [*They rise.*] Sister, there is some magic in thine
eye,

That hath infected his—Perchance, to thee,
 He may unfold the source of his distemp'rature :
 For me, no longer will I sue for that,
 My right may claim ; loose infidelity
 And lawless passion hath estranged his soul.
 Yet think, my husband, could'st thou bear the like ?
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I was licentious !
 Would'st thou not scoff at me, and spurn me from thee ?
 Or hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow ?
 Yea, from my false hand, cut the wedding ring,
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow ?
 I know thou would'st, and therefore see thou do it ;
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy crimes,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Preserve, then, equal league with the fair bed ;
 Keep me unstain'd, thou undishonour'd live.

[Exit, with Hermia, &c.]

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office ? Shall, Antipholis,
 Even in the spring of love, thy passion fade ?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness ;
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it in secret ;
 Let not my sister read it in your eye,
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty,
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger.

Ant. of Syr. Now, by the air we breathe, I vow, bright
 dame,

My senses are all smother'd up in wonder ;
 All but my sight—with that, methinks, I view
 An angel pleading ; and, while thus delighted,
 I may peruse the graces of that brow,
 I will not wish the mystery unfolded,
 But to your chidings pay submissive awe,
 As to an holy mandate—Speak, speak on.

Luc. (L.) Be secret false—why needs she be acquainted ?
 What simple thief brags of his own bad deeds ?
 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in your looks at board.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again :
 And call my sister, wife—comfort her, cheer her—

'Tis holy sport to be a little false,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. of Syr. (R.) Sweet mistress, let me call you by
that name.

Teach me, oh teach me, how to think and answer .

Lay open to my shallow gross conceit

The folded meaning of your sugar'd words.

Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you

To make it wander in an unknown path ?

Are you a goddess ? Would you new-create me ?

Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if I am Antipholis, I swear,

Your weeping sister is no wife to me.

Oh, no ! to you alone my soul inclines ;

Then train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy voice,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears !

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will doat !

[*Kneels.*

Spread o'er the silver waves thy glossy locks,

And as a bed I'll take thee, there I'll lie,

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason thus ?

Ant. of Syr. Not mad—enchanted ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. of Syr. For gazing on your dazzling beams, fair
sun.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
sight.

Ant. of Syr. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
darkness.

Luc. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

Ant. of Syr. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. of Syr. No ;

It is thyself, my own self's better half,

My eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. of Syr. Call thyself sister, sweet, for thee I mean ;

Thee will I love, with thee would spend my days.

Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still.

[*Crosses, R.*

I'll seek my sister, to get her consent ;

If she approve, I shall accord, no doubt.

[*Exit, R.*

Ant. of Syr. O subtle power ! O soil too capable !

Scarce had her sun of beauty warm'd my heart,
 When the gay flower of love, disclosing fragrance,
 Sprung up at once, and blossom'd to perfection,
 Ere well the bud was seen. Why, how now, Dromio?

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, R., and crosses, L.

Where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. of Syr. Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

Ant. of Syr. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. of Syr. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and beside myself.

Ant. of Syr. What woman's man? and how beside thyself?

Dro. of Syr. Marry, sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. of Syr. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. of Syr. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse.

Ant. of Syr. What is she?

Dro. of Syr. (L.) A very reverend body; and though I have but lean luck in the match, yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.—Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light.

Ant. of Syr. (R.) I'll warrant the rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter.

Dro. of Syr. They would indeed, sir: To conclude, this drudge laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was betrothed to her, told me what secret marks I had about me; as the marks on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch—and I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she should have transformed me to a cur-tail dog, and made me turn in the wheel.

Ant. of Syr. Sure, none but witches can inhabit here, And therefore 'tis high time that we were hence.

Go, hie thee presently, post to the road,
 And if the wind blow any way from shore,
 I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
 Where I will walk till thou return to me.

[*Crosses, L.*

[*Exit. L.*

Dro. of Syr. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So I from her, that swears she is my wife. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street, with the House of ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS.*

Enter (L.) ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, from ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS' House.

Ant. of Syr. Haste to the Port, and seek me out a ship.
[*Exit Dromio, L.*]

Enter ANGELO, with a bracelet, R.

Ang. (R.) Master Antipholis!

Ant. of Syr. (L.) Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir:—Lo, here is the bracelet!
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
It being unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.

Ant. of Syr. What is your will that I should do with this?

Ang. Even what you please, sir—I have made it for you.

Ant. of Syr. Made it for me, sir! I never once bespoke it.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal.
About your supper time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the bracelet. [*Crosses, L.*]

Ant. of Syr. (R.) I pray you, sir, since you will force it on me,

Receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see that or jewel more.

Ang. (L.) You are a merry man, sir—fare you well!
[*Exit, L.*]

Ant. of Syr. Wonder on wonder rises every moment!
What I should think of this I cannot tell;
However strange, here on my arm I'll wear it,
Preserve it safe, as fortune's happy pledge.
Oft as I look on it, I'll heave a sigh,
And say, the self-same hour that gave thee to me,
Gave me to gaze on Luciana's eyes—
So will I make a profit of a chance,
And treasure up a comfort in affliction.
Unwillingly I go—my wounded soul
(Howe'er from Ephesus my body part)
Lingers behind in Luciana's heart.

[*Exit, R.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Mart.*

Enter ANGELO, CHARES, and an OFFICER, L.

Cha. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you,
Nor had I now, sir, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage;
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me from Antipholis;
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a bracelet—at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Offi. That labour you may spare—see where he comes.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, R.

Ant. of Eph. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end—that will I bestow
Among the base confederates of my wife,
For locking me out of my doors to-day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith—get thee gone
To buy the rope, and bring it home to me.

[Exit Dromio of Ephesus, R.]

A man is well holpe up, that trusts to you:
I promised me your presence, and the bracelet:
But neither that nor goldsmith came to me.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your jewel weighs, to th' utmost carat.
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Make it amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand 'debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. of Eph. I am not furnish'd with the sum about me,
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signor, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the bracelet.—Bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof. [*Crosses, L.*
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the bracelet there yourself?
[*Crosses c.*

Ant. of Eph. No, do you bear it, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will then—have you it about you?

Ant. of Eph. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the jewel,
Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. of Eph. I guess you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise at the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Chares. The hour steals on—I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me;—the brace-
let---

Ant. of Eph. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your
money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Or give it me, or send by me some token.

Ant. of Eph. Fie! now you run this humour out of
breath---

Come, where is it?—I pray you let me see it.

Chares. My business cannot brook this dalliance—
Good sir, say, if you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. of Eph. I answer you!—what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the bracelet.

Ant. of Eph. I owe you none, till I receive the bracelet.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. of Eph. You gave me none; you wrong me much
to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Chares. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey
me.

[*Advances between Angelo and Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Ang. This touches me, sir, in my reputation;
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. of Eph. Consent to pay for what I never had !
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee—arrest him, officer—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, sir—you hear the suit.

Ant. of Eph. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, L.

Dro. of Syr. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard :
Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard : and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merry wind
Blows fair from land, they stay for nought at all,
But for the owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. of Eph. How now, madman ! Why, thou peevish
sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

Dro. of Syr. A ship you sent me to, sir, to hire waftage.

Ant. of Eph. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope :
And told thee to what purpose, and for whom.

Dro. of Syr. You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. of Eph. I will debate the matter, at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it ;
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me.—Hie thee, slave, begone.
On, Officer, to prison, till he comes.

[*Exeunt, Antipholis of Ephesus, Angelo, Chares, and
Officer, L.*]

Dro. of Syr. To Adriana's !—that is where we dined—
Go there again !—Surely my poor master's mind is strangely
altered.—But now he sent me to seek a vessel, and
swore he would not stay an hour longer—now he denies it
all, and rather seems inclined to take up his abode here ;
for, upon the strength of one visit only, he has got the key

of Adriana's treasure, I see : and sends for her ducats as familiarly as he would for his own.—Then how he should come arrested !—I'll venture, however, to her house once more, and get the money for him, if that Blowzabel, who claimed me for her husband, does not set her kitchen-stuff countenance in my way, and fright me from my purpose.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the House of Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA, R.

Adr. (R.) What, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest ? Didst thou mark,
Look'd he or pale, or red, or sad, or merry ?
What observation, tell me, could'st thou make
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. (L.) First, he denied you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none—the more my wrong.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he be.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. What said he then ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. (L.) With words that in an honest suit might
move ;

First did he praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech you.

Adr. (R.) I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.

My tongue, though not my heart, must have its scope.

Oh, he is shapeless, crooked, old, and sere,

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, rude, unkind,

Deform'd in person, more deform'd in soul. [*Crosses L.*]

Luc. Yet do not give such way to your affliction,
But call your better reason to your aid :—

Oh, did my brother's mind but mate his person,

Were but his conduct graceful as his visage,

What woman might with Adriana boast

So vast a fund of hymeneal bliss !

Trust then to time, and fault-repairing wisdom,

To change his mind, nor soil, with partial breath,

A form in nature's fairest colours drest.

Adr. Oh, but I think him better than I say,
And wish him kind and fair to me alone.
Thus, lapwing like, far from my nest I cry,
To puzzle and mislead intruding eyes,
That seek to rob me of my treasured bliss. [Crosses R.]

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, L.

Dro. of Syr. Here, go!—the desk—the purse!—now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. of Syr. By running fast.

Adr. (Crosses c.) Where is thy master, Dromio? is he
well?

Dro. of Syr. (L.) No; he's in Tartar limbo—a devil
hath him;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;

A back friend; one that commands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and lanes.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. of Syr. I do not know the matter, but he is ar-
rested.

Adr. Arrested, is he?—tell me, at whose suit?

Dro. of Syr. I do not know at whose suit he is arrested,
but arrested he is—and his suit to you is, that you will
send him Mistress Redemption, the money in his desk.

Adr. Go, fetch it, sister.— [Exit Luciana, R.]

This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

Dro. of Syr. No, on the Mart.—Come, 'tis time that I
were gone.

Re-enter LUCIANA with a Purse, R.

Adr. Go, Dromio, there's the money, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately. [Exit Dromio, L.]
Yet wherefore bring him home, since he has lost
All token of regard, and slights the place
Where, once, he said, his ev'ry comfort dwelt?
Why should I wish him here? and yet, without him,
What is this home to me?

Luc. Some vague conceit,
The phantom of the moment, hath possess him;
It will away as soon.

Adr. Pray, Heaven, it may;

For till he shake it off, no mate have I,
But jealous doubt, or dark despondency. [Exeunt, R.

SCENE III.—*The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, with the Bracelet on his arm.

Ant. of Syr. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were his well-acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me,
Some offer me commodities to buy,
While others give me thanks for kindnesses.
Ev'n now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And shew'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles ;
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, R.

Dro. of Syr. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—
What, have you got rid of the fiend ?

Ant. of Syr. What gold is this ?—What fiend dost thou mean ?

Dro. of Syr. He that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. of Syr. I understand thee not.

Dro. of Syr. No ?—Why, 'tis plain enough.—'The man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and rests them : he, sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance.

Ant. of Syr. Mean'st thou an officer ?

Dro. of Syr. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band—he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his bond. One that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, Heaven send you good rest !

Ant. of Syr. Well, sir, there rest your foolery !—Is there any ship puts forth to night ? May we begone ?

Dro. of Syr. Why, sir, I brought you word, an hour since, that the bark, Expedition, puts forth to-night, and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. of Syr. The fellow is distract, and so am I ;

And here we wander in illusion.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !—

Enter LESBIA, L.

Les. Well met, well met, Master Antipholis !
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.
Is this the bracelet you promised me to-day ?

Ant. of Syr. What, more temptations ?
Mistress, you do impeach your modesty,
Here in the street, thus to commit yourself
Into the hands of one who knows you not.

Les. Not know me ?—how ?—Am I not Lesbia ?
And are you not Antipholis ?—Nay, jest not ;
Return with me, and we will mend our cheer.

Ant. of Syr. Have you no bashfulness ; no sense of
shame ;
No touch of modesty ? Why will you tear
Ungentle words from my reluctant tongue ?

Les. I would not do so, good Antipholis ;
I do but ask for what you promised me.

Ant. of Syr. I promised thee ?

Les. Ay, as we sat at dinner.

Ant. of Syr. I ne'er beheld thy face until this instant.

Les. And told'st me that thy wife—

Ant. of Syr. My wife ?—thou sorceress !

Dro. of Syr. Master, you certainly have been married,
and have forgot it.

Les. Say, did you not, Antipholis ?

Ant. of Syr. I tell thee, no.

Les. Nor take my ring ?

Ant. of Syr. No, no—nor comprehend
What thy false tongue hath utter'd. Dromio,
Follow me to our inn—I will not stay,
Nor longer listen to thy sorceries.

[*Exit, R. Lesbia offering to follow.*]

Dro. of Syr. No, you don't. [*Draws.*] Here's my charm
against witches. Mistress, it is written that evil spirits
appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire,
and fire will burn.—Ergo—light wenches will burn—
therefore we will not trust ourselves near you.

[*Exit, R.*]

Les. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine, worth forty ducats,
And, for the same, he promised me a bracelet ;

Both one and other he denies me now.
What then remains ? what measures shall I take ?
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took, perforce,
My ring away.—This course I fittest chuse,
To right myself against this madman's wrong. [Exit, R.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS, and OFFICER, L.

Ant. of Eph. Fear me not, man ! I will not break away.
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I'm 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attached in Ephesus,
I tell you, will sound harshly in her ears.
Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, with a Rope.

Ant. of Eph. How now, sir, have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. of Eph. Here's that, I'll warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. of Eph. But where's the money ?

Dro. of Eph. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. of Eph. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. of Eph. I'll serve you, sir, five thousand at that rate.

Ant. of Eph. To what end did I bid thee hie thee hence ?

Dro. of Eph. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. of Eph. And to that end, sir, will I welcome you.

[Beats him over to the L.

Off. Good sir, be patient. [Holds Ant. R.

Dro. of Eph. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. of Eph. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. of Eph. Thou stupid, senseless villain !

Dro. of Eph. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. of Eph. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. of Eph. I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my endurance. I have served him from the hour of my

nativity to this instant, and have had nothing at his hands for my service but blows—When I am cold, he heats me with beating ; when I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go abroad, welcomed home with it when I return ; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar does her brat—and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. of Eph. Well, we'll along ; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, LESBIA, DR. PINCH, and SERVANTS, L., Servants stand behind, c.

Dro. of Eph. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end—or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware of the rope's end.

Ant. of Eph. Wilt thou still prate ? art thou not quieted ? Then take thou that, and that. [*Beats him over to R.*]

Offi. Good sir, be patient.

Les. How say you now ? Is not your husband mad ?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less ;
Good Dr. Pinch, you are a skilful man,
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will pay you what I have i' the world.

Luc. Alas ! how fiery and how fierce he looks !

Les. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy !

Pinch. [*Crosses to Ant. of Eph.*] Give me your hand,
and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. of Eph. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
[*Strikes.*]

Pinch. [*Crosses, L.*] I charge thee, devil, housed within
this man,
To yield possession of my patient ;
Or I shall play the devil with thee straight.

Ant. of Eph. Peace, doting wizard, peace ! I am not
mad !

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distracted soul !

Ant. of Eph. You minion, you, are these your customers ?
Did this companion, with the saffron face,
Revel and feast it at my board to-day ?
While upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house ?

Adr. (L. c.) Oh, husband ! Heaven doth know you dined
at home,

Where, would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. of Eph. (R. c.) Dined at home ! Thou villain, what say'st thou ?

Dro. of Eph. (R.) Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. of Eph. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out ?

Dro. of Eph. In sooth, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. of Eph. And did not she herself revile me there ?

Dro. of Eph. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. of Eph. And did not I, in rage, depart from thence ?

Dro. of Eph. In verity you did—my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ?

Pinch. It is no blame ; the fellow finds his vein ;
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

Ant. of Eph. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas ! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. of Eph. Money by me ! Heart and good-will you might,

But surely, master, not a doit of money.

Ant. of Eph. Went'st thou not to her for a purse of ducats ?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. of Eph. Heaven and the rope-maker can bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks :

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. of Eph. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day ?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. of Eph. And, gentle master, I received no gold ;
But I can swear, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. of Eph. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me.

But, with these nails, I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sort.

Adr. Oh, hold him, hold him! let him not come near me!
[Two Officers seize him.]

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.

Ant. of Eph. What, will you murder me?—Thou officer,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go: [Advances between them.]
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind that man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to thy house—Oh, most unhappy day!

Ant. of Eph. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

[Officers force off *Antipholis of Ephesus*, *Dromio*, and
Pinch, R.]

Adr. I will discharge thee—
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor—
But say, whose suit is he arrested at?

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith—do you know him?

Adr. I know the man—what is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a bracelet, which your husband had.

Adr. He did bespeak't for me, but had it not.

Les. [Crosses to *Adr.*] When as your husband, all in
rage, to-day,

Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)

Straight after did I meet him with the bracelet.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Officer, bring me where the goldsmith is?

I long to know the truth hereof at large. [Noise without, R.]

Luc. Heaven, for thy mercy! they are loose again!

Adr. And come with naked swords!

Let's call more help, to have them bound again.

Offi. Away! they'll kill us!

[Exeunt, R.]

[Noise again by *Dr. Pinch* and *Servants*, R.]

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, with drawn Swords, R.

Dro. of Syr. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. of Syr. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence.

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. of Syr. 'Faith, stay here this night—they will surely do us no harm—you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh, who claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch myself.

Ant. of Syr. I will not stay, to-night, for all the town, So many, and such strange events, pursue me;
'Tis madness all! and I begin to doubt,
That even love and beauty are but snares,
To plunge my soul in yet severer cares. [*Exeunt, L.*

[*Dr. Pinch runs across from R. to L. after them.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street before a Priory.*

Enter ANGELO and CHARES, L.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the jewel of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.

Cha. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend estimation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives within our walls.
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Cha. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he comes.

Ang. 'Tis so, and that same bracelet on his arm,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me; I'll speak to him.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, R.

Signor Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And not without some scandal to yourself ;
 With circumstance and oaths so to deny
 'This bracelet, which you wear so openly.
 Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
 You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;
 Who, but for staying on our controversy,
 Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
 This jewel you had of me—Can you deny it ?

Ant. of Syr. I know I had—I never did deny it.

Cha. Yes, that you did, sir—and foreswore it too.

Ant. of Syr. Who heard me to deny or to forswear it ?

[*Crosses, c.*

Cha. These ears of mine, thou knowest well, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou livest
 To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. of Syr. 'Thou art a villain to impeach me thus :

[*Draws.*

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
 Against thee with my life, if thou darest stand it.

Cha. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain ! [*Draws.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, LESBIA, and SERVANTS, L.

Adr. Hold ! hurt him not, for Heaven's sake !—he's mad !

Dro. of Syr. Run, master, run, for Heaven's sake ! take house !

This is some priory ;—in, or we are spoiled !

[*Exeunt to the Priory, c. d. f.—the rest following.*

Adr. Pursue them, I beseech ye—bring them back.

[*Servants, going, are stopt by the Abbess.*

Enter the ABBESS, and two SISTERS, from the Priory, c. d. f.

Abb. Be quiet, people ! wherefore throng ye hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
 And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Cha. I'm sorry now that I did draw upon him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man ?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, and sad,
 And much, much different from the man he was :
 But, till this afternoon, his fatal passion
 Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea ?
 Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing! —
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of them, except it be the last,
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference—

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and base.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth!
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls;
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody, mopish, and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
And at her heels, a huge, infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
The consequence is, then, thy jealousies
Have scared thy husband from his better sense.

Luc. She never reprehended him but gently,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wild.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

[*Servants are about to enter D. F.*

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither—he took this place for sanctuary;
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in essaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband; be his nurse;
Diet his sickness; for it is my office;
And therefore let me have him home with me

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have used th' approved means I know,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To bring him to his former state again.

It is a branch and parcel of my oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here.
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife

Abb. Be quiet, and depart—thou shalt not have him.

[*Exeunt Abbess and Sisters to the Priory, C. D. F.*]

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, then, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my prayers and tears

[*Crosses to Lesbia.*]

Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take, perforce, my husband from this Abbess.

Cha. By this I think the dial points at five.
Anon, I'm sure the Duke himself, in person,
Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death, and sorry excution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Cha. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come ! we will behold his death.

[*Lesbia crosses behind to Chares.*]

Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, EXECUTIONER, OFFICERS, and
GUARDS, L.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die ; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady !
It cannot be that she has done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madness seized him ;
That desperately he hurried through the street :

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst, to take order for the wrongs, I went,
Which here and there his fury had committed.
Anon (I wot not by what strong escape)
He broke from those who had the guard of him,
And, with his mad attendant, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them—then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
But here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my wars,
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the good and grace I could.
Go, some of ye, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir. [*Exit a Gentleman, C.D.F.*]

Enter BRIDGET, L.

Brid. Oh, mistress, mistress! haste and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose!

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Brid. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breathed almost since I did see them. [*Noise, L.*]
Hark! hark! I hear them, mistress—fly! begone!

[*Crosses, R., exit Bridget, R.*]

Duke. Fear nothing! I'll protect you.

Adr. Ah, me! it is my husband! Witness all
That he is borne about invisible!
Even now we housed him in the abbey there,
And now he's here, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS and DROMIO OF EPHE-
SUS, L.*

Ant. of Eph. Justice, most gracious duke! Oh, grant
me justice!

Even for the service, that, long since, I did thee,
When I bestrode thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood,
Which then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholis and Dromio.

Ant. of Eph. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there,

She, whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
She hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. of Eph. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she within was feasting with her minions.

Duke. (c.) A grievous fault ! Say, woman, did'st thou
so ?

Adr. (R. c.) No, my good lord ; myself, he, and my
sister,

To-day did dine together—so befall my soul,
As that is false, he burdens me withal.

Luc. (R. c.) Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on
night,

But she doth tell your highness simple truth !

Ang. (R.) O perjured woman ! they are both forsworn :
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !
I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.

If here you housed him, here he would have been.

You say he dined at home ; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying—Sirrah, what say you ?

Dro. of Eph. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Por-
cupine.

Les. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. of Eph. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Les. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. 'This is most strange ! Go, call the abbess hither.

[Exit Gentleman, L. D. F.]

Ægeon. [Crosses to Duke.] Most mighty Duke, vouch-
safe me speak a word !

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholis ?
And is not that, your bondman, Dromio ?

Ant. of Eph. True, reverend hapless man, we are so call'd.

Ægeon. I am sure that both of ye remember me.

Ant. of Eph. Remember you !

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me ? you know me well.

Ant. of Eph. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. Oh, grief hath changed me since you saw me last !

And careful hours, with Time's deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.
But tell me yet—dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. of Eph. Neither.

Ægeon. Not know my voice ? Oh, time's extremity !
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares ?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp, some fading glimmer left ;
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholis.

Ant. of Eph. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted—but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery ?

Ant. of Eph. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,

Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life:

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time, he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter GENTLEMEN, and ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, from the Priory, C. D. F.

Abb. (c.) Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd !

Adr. I see two husbands, or my eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other !
But of the two, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? who deciphers them ?

Ant. of Syr. Ægeon—art thou not ?

O, my dear father ! who hath bound him thus ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man,
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,
Who bore thee, at a burden, two fair sons ;
O ! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Ægeon. Æmilia ! O, support thyself, my soul !
Till I, once more, have caught within my arms
Their long-lost happiness !

Æmilia. Thou art Ægeon, then ? I do not dream—
My husband ! take, take the reviving heart,
Spotless and pure as when it first was thine,
Which, from the cloister of religious solitude,
No voice but thine could ever have recall'd. [*Embraces.*]

Ant. of Syr. If I not interrupt such sacred feelings,
Thus let me bend, and mingle tears of rapture.
O raise, my father, raise your reverend hands,
And bless your truant son !

Ægeon. My dearest boy !
This is too much—O curb thy joys a moment,
And have compassion on thy father's weakness :
But, if my feeble brain deceives me not,
One anxious question yet remains to ask ;
Heart of my heart, resolve me ; where's that son
Who floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Æmilia. By men of Epidamnium, he and I
And the twin, Dromio, all were taken up :
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth,
By force, took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnium.
What then became of them I cannot tell ;
I, to this fortune which you see me in.

Ant. of Eph. And he, reserved to share the happier
hours
Of his dear parents ; whom, till now, unknown,
He greets with nature's best and fondest feelings.
Another tie my fortune yet allots,
And thus I claim it !

Ant. of Syr. Welcome, dearest brother !

[*They embrace.*

Both Dro. Welcome, dearest brother ! [*They embrace.*

Ant. of Syr. Ne'er may we feel a separation more !

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.

These plainly are the parents to these children,

Who thus amazingly are met together.

Æmilia. Most gracious Duke ! [*Crosses to Duke.*

Duke. One moment's pause, and all your griefs shall end.—

Antipholis, thou camest from Corinth first ?

Ant. of Syr. Not I, my lord ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart—I know not which is which.

Ant. of Eph. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. of Eph. And I with him.

Ant. of Eph. Brought to this town by that right famous warrior,

Duke Minaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Ang. That is the bracelet, sir, you had of me.

Ant. of Syr. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

Ant. of Eph. And you, sir, for the same, arrested me.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.

Dro. of Eph. No, none by me.

Ant. of Syr. This purse of ducats I received for you, And Dromio, my man, did bring them me :

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And, thereupon, these errors all arose.

Dro. of Eph. You see, brother, these wise folks can't blame us in these matters.

Dro. of Syr. Really, brother, I think not.

Ant. of Eph. These ducats pawn I for my father, here.

Ant. of Syr. It shall not be—I will procure his life, To make some small amends for leaving him Alone and friendless.

[*Duke signs to the Officers to take Ægeon's chains ; they do so, and go off, L.*]

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

Ant. of Syr. [*Crosses to Ægeon.*] I, gentle mistress.

Adr. Are you not my husband ?

[*To Antipholis of Syracuse.*

Ant. of Eph. No ; I say nay to that.

[*Crosses to Adriana.*

Ant. of Syr. And so do I—yet she did call me so ;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

[Crosses to Luciana.

Did call me brother—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good ;
And, that the heart which beats alone for you,
May, now the mist of error is dispersed,
Which made thee fearful for thy virgin fame,
Obtain a gentle hearing.

Luc. Should I find thee
Worthy and constant, as my mind suggests,
The general joy that smiles around shall not
Be damp'd by any vain reserve of mine.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear, at large, discoursed all our fortunes ;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathised one day's errors
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And you shall have full satisfaction.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you, the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast ; go all with me ;
After so long grief, such festivity !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast,
And be a cheerful witness of the blessings,
Your pious faith, and virtuous resignation,
Have drawn upon you from relenting Heaven !

Ægeon. Come, and partake
The joys that gild the evening of our days.

Æmilia. Joys past the reach of hope !—our lesson this,
That misery past endears our present bliss ;
Wherein we read, with wonder and delight,
This sacred truth, " Whatever is, is right."

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

ANT. OF S., DUKE, ÆGEON, ABBESS, ANT. OF EPH.,
D. OF S., LESBIA, LUCIANA, ADRIANA, D. OF EPH.
R.] [L.





R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Spectre Bridegroom.

Nicodemus. I smell the morning air quite fresh—hark ! there's a cock crowing. 'Tis time for me to depart !

Act I. Scene 3.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM;

OR, A GHOST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF:

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

Author of Monsieur Tonson, Giovanni in London, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,
CAMDEN TOWN.



REMARKS.

EVERY age and nation has its particular prejudices, fashions, and superstitions,—which, having had their day, go off, and are succeeded by others : and it frequently happens, that what was an object of admiration at one time, is treated with contempt and ridicule at another.

For more than a century, the prevailing taste of Europe was travelling to Jerusalem.—Kings, princes, nobles, bishops, priests, and friars, ran thither in crowds. At another time, pilgrimages to Rome were in high vogue. Whole provinces were overrun with flagellants. About the end of the sixteenth century, nothing was talked of but wizards and witches. In Hungary, Moravia, Silesia, and Poland, Vampires were, a hundred years since, the order of the day. Every age has had its fooleries ; the South-Sea Bubble, the Cock-Lane Ghost, Doctor Graham's celestial Bed, and Gall and Spurtzheim's New System of Craniology !

Regarding *Vampires*, we are told, that it was common to see men, who had been dead several years—or, at least, several months—come back again, walk about, infest villages, torment men and cattle, suck the blood of their relations, throw them into disorder, and, at last, occasion their death : and there was no way of getting rid of these troublesome visitants, but by digging them out of their graves, impaling them, cutting off their heads, taking out their hearts, and burning their bodies ; a tedious, and, certainly, no very agreeable mode of exorcising. The name by which these strange appearances were known, was *Oupires*, or *Vampires* : and the stories about them were related with such minute particularity and probability of circumstances, that scarcely a man, woman, or child, could be found, who had not seen a Vampire, and was ready, like little Moses, to “ take their oath of it.”

It is certain, that no superstition of this sort was known in antiquity. Search the histories of the Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans ; and nothing will be found that comes near it. It was a general opinion among the ancients, that magic might be employed, both to deprive people of their lives, and to raise the spirits of the departed. There are some passages cited,

which prove, that it was a prevailing notion, in certain times, that wizards sucked the blood of men and children. In the twelfth century, there appeared ghosts, of much the same species as those in Hungary; but in no history do we read of anything so common, or so circumstantial, as the various, and seemingly well-authenticated, relations of Vampires in Germany.

Without presuming to question such respectable authority, we may reasonably ask, how Vampires could come out of their graves, and go into them again: for this particular is mentioned in every story of this sort, as a certain fact. That a body buried five or six feet under ground, with no room to move or stir, (were it so inclined,) wrapped close in a shroud, and nailed up in a coffin, should extricate itself from all these obstacles, come again above ground, and play such singular vagaries; and, after that, return to its former state, get under the earth again, and be there found entire, full of blood, and, in all respects, like a living body; is a query that may fairly startle the most inveterate believer in supernatural appearances. With a strong disposition to the marvellous ourselves, we could have wished that the relations transmitted to us, concerning Vampires, had explained these difficulties in a more satisfactory manner.

We are told by Pliay, that the soul of Hermotimus of Clazomenæ had a trick of frequently leaving his body, and, upon coming back again, would give an account of several events which happened at a great distance. One day, when it was out upon a ramble, the Cantharidæ, Hermotimus's enemies, seized his body, which lay with scarcely any signs of life, and burnt it,—“*Donec cremato corpore inimici (qui Cantharidæ vocabantur) remcanti animæ velut vaginam ademerint.*” This expedient effectually put a stop to the future excursions of Master Hermotimus, and fairly laid him in the Red Sea.

“The Spectre Bridegroom” is founded on a story contained in the Sketch Book, which Mr. Irving himself borrowed from the French. Mr. Moncrieff has dramatised this tale with skill and leasantry: it is quite extravagant enough to answer the purposes of farce, without running into that hideous and nonsensical *diablerie*, which has been so popular of late.

This farce contains some droll situations and whimsical equivoque. The mistakes and misapprehensions of the *Aldwinkle* family—the superstitious terrors of *Dickory*—and the ludicrous surprise of *Mr. Nicodemus*, keep the audience in continual merriment. We agree with the author, that the subject is better adapted to *Farce* than to *Melo-drame*. Indeed, the latter species of entertainment is so contrary to good taste and common sense, that we care not how soon it is banished from the stage.

Mr. Cooper, in *Nicodemus*, was sufficiently sepulchral and solemn. He looked just such a personage as might be expected to “revisit the pale glimpses of the moon,” either for recreation, or resurrection. Little Knight was excellent in *Dickory*; the horror

and surprise with which he announces the re-appearance of the *departed*; and his quaint apology for the delusion,—that a ghost is a spirit, and that spirits are apt to get into his head, were farce in right earnest. We have subsequently seen Mr. J. Russell in the character, and, without bringing him into immediate comparison with Knight, we may justly assign him no small share of approbation. We should be glad to see the talents of this very deserving actor called into more frequent exertion. Gattie, in *Squire Aldwinkle*, contributed to his share of the amusement; and Mrs. Orger, and Miss Smithson, in *Georgiana* and *Lavinia*, were arch and lively.

✂ D — G.

*Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatre Royal.
Drury-Lane.*

	1821.	1826.
<i>Mr. Nicodemus</i>	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Brown.
<i>Squire Aldwinkle</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Captain Vauntington</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Mercer.
<i>Dickory</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. J. Russell.
<i>Paul</i>	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Miss Georgiana Aldwinkle</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Orger.
<i>Lavinia, her cousin</i>	Miss Smithson.	Miss Smithson.

SCENE.—A Country Village.

TIME.—Three Days.

Costume.

NICODEMUS.—Black suit, silk stockings, shoes, and clerical hat.

ALDWINKLE.—Antique scarlet suit, embroidered.

VAUNTINGTON.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, silk stockings, and shoes.

DICKORY.—Rich suit of yellow livery.

PAUL.—1st. dress : Light drab suit, worsted stockings, and shoes :
2nd. dress : Black suit, mourning cloak, and three-cornered hat with crape hat-band.

GEORGIANA.—White satin dress, ornamented with pink crape.

LAVINIA.—White satin dress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.*

R. RC. C. LC. L

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Mr. Nicodemus's House.*

Enter SERVANT and NICODEMUS, R.

Nic. (R.) MY cousin's servant, Paul, inquiring for me! What can he possibly want with me? Let him come in. [*Exit Servant.*] It must certainly be some business of life and death, to make my gay thoughtless cousin send to me; for, though every one allows we are like as two peas in person, no one has ever discovered the slightest similarity in our minds: he has none of my solidity, none of my depth and gravity;—he's all volatility,—wild, uncertain,—Hey, oh! here Paul comes. Well, Paul, what brings you here?

Enter PAUL, L.

Paul. [Crying.] Oh, sir, such a relation! your poor cousin——

Nic. Poor cousin? Why, he hasn't, surely, gambled away all his estates on a cast of the die?

Paul. Worse than that, sir; though, to be sure, it is through the die he has lost every thing. Ah, sir, when I look at you, it renews all my grief; poor gentleman, I fancy I see him still—oh, oh! [*Crying*]

Nic. What mean you? Explain, good Paul; what horrible event are you going to relate?

Paul. My poor master, sir—unfortunate gentleman, he was just going to sow all his wild oats in a marriage with the young and beautiful Miss Aldwinkle, daughter of the rich Squire Aldwinkle, of Aldwinkle Hall—oh! oh! oh!

Nic. Well!—what was there so very shocking in that?

Paul. You shall hear, sir : they had never seen one another ; but my master had sent his portrait, which was approved of both by the young lady and his father.

Nic. No doubt, if he remained as like me as he used to be.

Paul. Very true, sir : it was settled that my poor master was to go to Aldwinkle Hall this very evening, that the ceremony might take place out of hand.

Nic. Well, and why didn't he go ? —

Paul. He did go, sir ; but going and coming are two different things ; and it will be long enough before they find him come to Aldwinkle Hall—oh ! oh !

Nic. Why ?

Paul. A slight impediment, sir.—We set out, the first thing this morning, on our way there ; but had scarcely performed a third part of the journey, when my poor master fell down in an apoplectic fit !—oh ! oh ! oh !

Nic. Unhappy Gaspar ! but what could he expect, living as he did ?

Paul. He expected to be married, sir, and repent ; but the Fates ordered it otherwise. Atropos came with her damned shears, and cut his vital thread, as close as any tailor in the kingdom could have done. Just before he gave his last kick, he called me to him, and squeezing my hand, exclaimed, “ Paul, my dear Paul, as soon as it's all over, send my body to the half-way-house, where dinner will be waiting for me ; then hasten to my cousin, Abraham, (that's you, sir ;) bid him set off immediately to Aldwinkle Hall, break out the melancholy news to the Old Squire and my dear Georgiana ; return, bury me decently, write an epitaph to my memory, take all I'm worth for his pains, and I shall rest in peace !—oh, oh !

Nic. Poor fellow ! Did he die rich ?

Paul. Pretty well for that, sir.

Nic. Then his wishes shall be complied with. I'll lock up my grand Treatise on Vampires, hasten to Aldwinkle Hall this very moment, and return here the first thing tomorrow morning, to make preparations for the funeral. Unhappy Gaspar ! he was the last of the Nicodemus family, except myself. What a pity he wasn't as like me in other things as he was in person. But drink ! drink ! was the ruin of him. I'll go directly, and break the melancholy news to Miss and the Old Gentleman ; while you, Paul, you—

Paul. I'll go to the half-way-house, and watch over my

poor master's remains. Poor gentleman! drink was, as you say, sir, the ruin of him. Heigho! sorrow is dry! I must get a little drop of something to comfort me for his loss. Good bye, sir!—Oh! oh!

Nic. (L.) Farewell, Paul. Heu, fugaces! What frail creatures we are! [Exeunt, R.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Aldwinkle Hall.*

Enter GEORGIANA and LAVINIA, R.

Lav. (C.) If you ask my advice, my dear Georgiana, I must candidly express my opinion, that, as you wish to marry Captain Vauntington, who has no money; and Mr. Nicodemus, who has plenty, wishes to marry you; you, having plenty, ought to take pity on the Captain's poverty, and leave me, who have nothing, to make love if I like, to Mr. Nicodemus's abundance. It's quite enough for one party to be rich in marriage: there can be no participation, if it's otherwise, you know.

Geo. (R.) What you say, coz, is, as it always is, full of excellent sense; the only question is, how is it to be accomplished? You know my father's obstinacy; his engagement with Mr. Nicodemus; and—eh, here comes my father, and my dear Captain Vauntington too, as I live; they are discussing a subject too interesting to my feelings to permit my being an auditor. Let us retire, my dear cousin, and await, in hope, the end of their conference.

[Exeunt Georgiana and Lavinia, C. D. F.]

Enter ALDWINKLE and VAUNTINGTON, L.

Ald. (R. C.) 'Tis no use talking, Mr. Vauntington—if you are a captain, you are only a South American captain; they spring up like mushrooms, now o'days, and, egad, are worth about as much.

Vau. (L. C.) But, my dear sir, my family—

Ald. Ah! there's the thing—if you get a family, how the devil are you to support them! Besides, I've solemnly engaged my daughter to Mr. Nicodemus; he has it under my hand and seal—sent it him, by the general post, above a month ago. To be sure, I've never seen the gentleman; but his character is unexceptionable.

Vau. It is not too late to retract, sir.

Ald. Indeed, but it is, sir; for I expect him to arrive every moment. He sent me word he was coming express, though there was no occasion for that; I knew it; for, in-

dependently of an amazing bright letter in the candle last night, that pointed directly towards me, my man Dickory saw a stranger on the bars this morning; that, immediately he clapped his hands, flew into the fire—a sure sign he was a good friend.

Vau. Ridiculous, childish superstition!

Ald. So you may think; but I'm of a different opinion. You're one of those heedless fellows, now, who'd walk twenty times under a ladder and never once look behind you; and, if you were to see fifty piebald horses, would'nt pull a hair out of the tail of any one of them, though you might get any thing you chose to wish for, for your pains.

Vau. But allow me to say, sir, that my passion for your daughter—

Ald. Zounds, sir, you'll put me in a passion, if you go on in this way. Hav'nt I sent Dickory off to meet Mr. Nicodemus, at the half-way-house, —where he wrote me word, he should stop and dine,—on purpose to conduct him here all the sooner. I wonder they hav'nt arrived, for it's getting rather late.

Vau. But early impressions,—first love, sir—

Ald. Second thoughts are best—hey, surely, I hear the sound of visitors without. It must be Mr. Nicodemus. Now do, my good sir, oblige me by taking an answer, and going. Mr. Nicodemus has put your nose so completely out of joint, that—

Vau. Vulgar rascal! [*Aside.*] But your former kindness.

Ald. Now do go.

Vau. My high expectations—

Ald. Lower your tone, my good friend, I beg; zounds! do you think you're giving the word of command? It's time I turn General:—come—march!

Vau. I must submit to fate. You'll repent this, old Aldwinkle; take my word for it; the loss is as much yours as mine; so, good night! Poor Georgiana!

[*Exit Vauntington, L.*]

Ald. Thank heaven! he's off.—Now then for—

Enter SERVANT, preceding NICODEMUS, L.

Ser. Mr. Nicodemus—Sir—

[*Bows and retires.*]

Ald. Welcome, my dear, dear sir! ten thousand welcomes! You need no introduction: from the strong resemblance you bear to your likeness, I should have known you any where.

Nic. (L.) That is fortunate. I can proceed to the busi-

ness at once. I knew if he had once seen my cousin, he would recognize me. [*Aside.*] I am extremely obliged by your kindness, sir—I regret that I should be the—

Ald. Make no apology, my dear boy, I beg.

Nic. The abruptness of this visit—

Ald. Not at all.

Nic. My precipitate appearance—

Ald. You do excellently well—make no apologies, pray.

Nic. Can only be excused by the urgency—

Ald. I won't hear another word, till you've taken some refreshment.

Nic. The uncertainty of—

Ald. Aye, aye, travelling is damn'd uncertain.

Nic. We are but too liable to be cut short in—

Ald. True, true, I must cut you short now; for supper is just ready—and you must needs want something, travelling so far.

Nic. Nay, my dear sir, but you must prepare yourself for—

Ald. Take no care about that; I have prepared every thing.

Nic. But, my dear sir,—my late—lamented—

Ald. Better late than never—you're here, and that's sufficient. I did lament you hadn't come sooner, certainly—Georgiana is dying with impatience to see you—I'll call her here. Why, Georgiana! Georgiana! I say—

Nic. Zounds, he won't let me edge in a word any way; [*Aside.*] but, my dear sir, allow me a few serious words with you—

Ald. Not another word, till you've supp'd—we'll have no serious words together, if I know it. To-morrow is time enough for business—to-night we'll devote to mirth and love, you dog—Oh, here Georgiana comes.

Nic. What shall I do now? I can't mention my cousin's death before the young lady; she'd be going into hystericks. I must let the old gentleman have his way, and get him to let me relate the particulars bye-and-bye—

Enter GEORGIANA, D. F.

A fine girl, faith.

Geo. Did you want me, Papa?

Ald. No, hussey; but Mr. Nicodemus does—Mr. Nicodemus, my daughter Georgiana!

Geo. (R.) [*Aside.*]—What a solemn-looking fright! I'm sure I can never bring myself to love him.